Bid him farewell commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes and take leaue of them.
Puer. Oh Grandſire, Grandſire, eu'n with all my hart,
VVould I were dead ſo you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choacke me if I ope my mouth.
Romane. You ſad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bin breeder of theſe dyre euents.
Lucius. Set him breſt deepe in earth and famiſh him,
There let him ſtand and raue and crie for foode.
If any one relieues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome,
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.
Aron. Ah why ſhould wrath be mute and furie dumb,
I am no babie I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thouſand worſe than euer yet I did
VVould I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my yerie ſoule.
Lu. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My Father and *Lauinia* ſhall forthwith,
Be cloſed in our houſholds monument,
As for that rauinous tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weede,
No mournefull bell ſhall ring her buriall
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds to pray,
Her life was beaſtlie and deuoide of pittie,
And being dead let birds on her take pittie.

Exeunt.

Finis the Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.